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EAST AND WEST SERIES

Nos. 107–108 October 1966

9/247

THE VOICE OF A PILGRIM

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T. L. VASWANI

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EAST AND WEST SERIES

An Interpreter of the Life of the Spirit

[Monthly]

9/247

THE VOICE OF A PILGRIM

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The Manager, "East and West Series,"

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IMPORTANT

Kindly note that this is a double number for the two months, August and September, 1966.

Our next issue, also, will be a double number (for October and November) and will be out in November.

—The Manager

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MESSAGES AND BLESSINGS

It is a pleasure to tell you how much inspiration we derive from the EAST AND WEST SERIES of booklets you have been sending to us. We place them in our SRF Library for the use of many readers. The humble, devotional spirit of the author arouses in readers a sympathetic love toward each of the saints whose lives he has limned.

Westerners, to whom the word "yogi" seems strange, will have a new appreciation of the term when they read Sri Vaswani's explanation of Jesus as a great yogi. The author's explanation, too, of the parallelism between the life of Krishna, the Christ of India, and of Jesus, the Christ of the West, should further spread a fragrance of divine love and understanding.

The Saints of East and West are the real heroes of the world; they should be the chief inspiration of men everywhere. Sri Vaswani has done a noble service to humanity by inspiring love for those men who are greatest in God's eyes; for in loving His saints we shall wish to emulate them, and in emulating them we ourselves shall become more dear to Him.

Sri Sahaja Mata
Editor, SELF-REALIZATION MAGAZINE, California, U. S. A.

We derive much inspiration from Dadaji's mystical poems and philosophical writings which represent to us the heights of Bhakti Yoga.

Dadaji brought new light to the teachings of Sufism and he was a source of inspiration to many seekers.

He dedicated his entire life for service of humanity and radiated the message of Universal Love and Devotion.

He lived as a saint, worked as a Messiah and consoled many souls by his teachings.

The best and most practical tribute to Dadaji is to re-dedicate our lives in helping the humanity in the attainment of Divinity.

Dr. K. M. P. Mohamed Cassim
Colombo, (Ceylon)

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FOREWORD

HERE are a few leaves lifted from my Book of Meditations.

Pilgrims are we all! Pilgrims to the Shrine where shines the Blessed Beauty! To be conscious of this is to know that separateness is the one sin against the Spirit. Every man, no matter what his material garb or sphere or circumstances in life, is a brother-soul. Every one is immortal, divine, every one an out-breathing of the *Atman*. The soul-stuff of each is of the Eternal.

This is the faith underlying the thoughts and aspirations of these pages. Behind my faith, I humbly submit, stand many years of quest. It is not finished. The quest is endless. And doubts are a part of the discipline which I have referred to in these pages as the "*tapasya*" of Truth. Strength comes to those who suffer and light to those who pass patiently through the Cave!

The central idea in my philosophy of life is the *Atman*. Out of it grow the ideas of Freedom and Immortality. And these three Ideas are not, as Lotze following Kant regards them, data of feeling. They are forms of consciousness.

Who built the worlds? The *Atman*. How? The *Atman* entered into Himself. To find, then, the Self is to find the All that He hath built.

More than a "stream of consciousness" is the *Atman*. The *Atman* is the source of the "stream." The "stream" flows through the fields of Experience, but must return to the Source where lives the Self, transcending all experience.

A mind must needs express itself. A heart must go out of itself to bless the object of its love. Not a poet, not an artist but strives to make articulate his inner vision or im-

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pulse. So the God-Self, by an inner necessity, communicates Himself to us. In our thoughts in His breathing: in our worship is the Divine Activity. Here, to my mind, is one of the grandest intuitions of spiritual life,—the Eternal is the true Self, the *Atman* of man.

Neti neti,—say the Upanishads. Not this! Not this! Here is a clue to the dialectic of thoughts and desires. We rise from the *maya* of "negation," to the Great Affirmation,—from *neti neti* to the supreme vision,—*Om!* I Am!

A feeling of exile is growing, today, upon many in many lands. This technical civilization has not enriched the life of higher freedom but rather assimilated man to machinery. Call it by what name you like,—*Brahmavidya*, *Atmadarshan*,—it is a message of the *Atman* the Spirit, which the world needs. And as I see the nations distracted, agitated, tempest-tossed, like a traveller who has lost his way and is overtaken by storm and the night, I often ask myself :—Who will bring them out of the night and the storm into the light and strength that filled the sages of the East?

The dominating civilizations of the West with all their wide extensions are narrow, and with all their luxuries and sense-stimulating equipment are un-beautiful. They have lost kinship with the Christ whose Blessed Name they confess. Industrialism has led on to national strifes, and expansion to shrinkage of the soul. This civilization suffers from *bhoga* and ugliness. This civilization has been steadily losing touch with the *Atman*.

Nor has India escaped the dominating influence of the West. India, too, is forgetting the Lord. And if Europe has been wandering in *bhoga* and pride and violence, India has been wandering in a desert of impotent imitation.

Power, wealth, fame! Industrial gains, material expansion! These are the things so many seek in modern India. They are the disciples of Europe : they refuse to profit by Europe's

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experiences. Worship machinery and money-bags, and you will not escape the anguish and ruin which assail Europe at this hour. "Be hard, O man!"—this, I believe, has been the dominant idea of European civilization for over a century. "Be *ātmic*, O man!"—this is the teaching the sad world needs. Europe has sought "greatness," power,—the power of violence. And power does not conquer. It leads to death, as "greatness" to insignificance. What conquers is the *Atman*, the Spirit Sacrificial. Will you look for triumph of the *Atman?*

Behold the *Taboban* and the Cross!

T. L. VASWANI

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A PILGRIM'S SONG

My "Native Land" is spread
All o'er the Mother Earth!
And all men are my kith and kin :
No matter what their birth, rich or poor,
My brothers and my sisters are they all,
Though steeped in suffering or in sin!

My temple, church or fane
Is in every human heart :
For Love is the holy shrine
In every heart, thine or mine!

My heroes and my holy men
I see in every age and every clime,
No matter how poor or despised :
Each man is, in truth, a ray
Of the One Life Divine!

My flag is the blue sky,
The home of sunset and the dawn,
To which the Aryan Rishi bowed
In the long ago!

My scripture is Humanity's song,—
The Gita Krishna sang,
The Gospel of the Living Christ,
The Holy Word the Buddha spake
And the Sangham sang,
Fair as the Deva's faith!

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My God is the Truth I daily do adore.
My "Communism" is Brotherhood
Wide as the world,
Is the love of man as man,
The love of the poor and simple folk
That speaks to every soul :—

"Thou art not lonely!
Brother! Sister! be not sad!
But strong in faith and courage,
Speed on to thy Goal!"

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VOICE OF NATURE

I asked the Sea :—
"Where is He?"
And the Sea answered :—
"I, too, am in quest;
Hence my deep unrest!"

I asked the Wind
Rushing past the plain :—
"O thou that sighest!
Tell me, where is He ?"
"I, too, wander after Him," she said.

I asked the Rain
In pearl-drops descending.
And the Rain answered me :—
"For the Fairest One
I weep these showers of tears."

I asked the Flame.
"I flicker in His quest," she said.
I asked the Dawn.
She blushed and answered me :—
"Pale am I in quest of Him."

I asked the Nightingale
Singing his plaintive notes
In Rose Garden of the King.
And the Nightingale said :—
"I sigh out my song for Love."

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WHAT AND WHY ?

What abides?
The offering of Sacrifice.

What goes?
The things we hoard.

What hunger is the best?
The hunger for the Beautiful.

Wat business is the best ?
Spending love to buy joy-beams for the poor.

What friends are the best?
Nature's simple things,—flowers and the light of stars.

What worship is the best?
Silence at Love's feet.

Why fades and falls the Rose?
A sacrifice to Spring.

Why sings the song-bird in the tree?
In witness of the Truth that is Love.

Why gravitate these petals to the ground?
They listen to the Flute and fall at His Feet.

Why plays Krishna upon the Flute?
It hath renounced itself and is pierced with holes.

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IF

If thou wouldst worship Love,—thy King,
Lay low thy head at the Temple of Sacrifice.
If thou wouldst know, bid adieu to thoughts
Sundering self from Self.
If thou wouldst *be*,
Be mingled with the Sea!

* * *

If thou wouldst see the Light, be blind!
If thou wouldst hear the Voice, be deaf!
If thou wouldst advance, retreat!

* * *

If thou wouldst seek, enter first the darkest night.
If thou wouldst live, desire not life but death.
If thou wouldst grow, crush thyself.

* * *

If thou wouldst possess the All, renounce all.
If thou wouldst happy be, shun pleasure, be passionless!
If thou wouldst enter peace, pray for pain.

* * *

If thou wouldst be a student in the School of Wisdom,
Accept the Earth and Air, Water and Fire as thy Teachers,
And receive from the Ages, the Revelations of Truth.

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YAMA OF THE DARK FACE

YAMA : Child of God! the Throne of Immortals is thine;
Quit thy friendship with the perishable earth
And enter upon thy voyage Home!

I : Yama of the Dark Face!
Why must thou take me now?
Take me from the dear ones?
Take me from myself?

YAMA : Child! thou hast not seen thyself.
The *Atman* dieth not, is not killed :
'Tis the form, the *sthula sarira*, dieth :
The *Sutra*, the Thread of Life, remains!
The *Sutra* is the Self.
If it perish, then perish
Essential values of Evolution itself.
Thy Self in radiant beauty dwells
Where I would take thee now :
Beyond the body, beyond the earth, lives thy Soul!

I : The earth is rich in colour and laughter;
But in thy presence, Yama !
I feel like a thing, shrunken, pale,
Sent out to wander in vacant space,

YAMA : The highest human happiness
No better is than soap-bubble!
No matter how high it ascends, it bursts!
Thy happiness, child, is not here,
But in the Mansion whence thou camest.

I : How beautiful is life!

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How sweet its breath!

YAMA : If thou forget these fleeting forms
And remember but the Real Self,
Joyfully wilt thou follow me.

I : How bewitching is this Palace of Life!

YAMA : Life here at best is but a golden cage :
For *Atman* is to Eternity adapted.

I : Who, willingly, will leave this beauteous earth
For a lonesome, distant world?

YAMA : Child! the next world is the nearest world;
And to die is to rise to a new Awakening.
For comrades and helpers stand on the Other Side,
And the Great Ones active are in the Great Beyond,
To pour upon all who travel there,—
As on all who walk the Way of Service here,—
Rays of healing and of help
And illuminate their minds and hearts
That they may see the Truth of Life beyond this life.
So very, very nigh is the "other" world.

I : But the Sea seems rough!

YAMA : Beyond it are the Angels,
The *Devas* in radiance clothed,
Waiting on the Harbour
To greet thee Home!

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DIALOGUE WITH A BARBER

He was illiterate but surprised me with philosophic questions. Here are a few jottings of that talk :—

Barber :—What is my "quality"? Is it "barber"? They call me so!

I :—Being barber is not your "quality." Else in sleep, also, you would invariably regard yourself a "barber." You go to sleep and dream of yourself as being, may be, a prince, a king, a merchant. Being barber is your accident. Your "quality" is soulhood. You are, essentially, a soul.

Barber :—What is the soul ?

I :—Pictorially, the flame of life!

Barber :—Is the world eternal or in time?

I :—Which world? There are many worlds, not one.

Barber :—This world, this earth, this sun?

I :—Fragments are they, flung from bigger bodies. This earth and this sun have a beginning. They are of His *Shakti* and That is eternal.

Barber :—How was this beautiful world originally made?

I :—I know not the ultimate how. The Wonder of the World! It may not be argued about : it may be glimpsed. The saints and mystic singers of your town had glimpses of the Great White Wonder. This Wonder is the veil put on by the Spirit of Love in its descent into matter.

Barber :—Saints and Poets! Yes! They are our kings ! Tell me how to see the Wonder!

I :—*Sadhanas* are needed. One *sadhana* is :—Subduing the senses. Some of your poets call it pictorially, "burning the body." Control of the senses is the greatest *jehad*. A *brahmachari* is greater than the martyr. He dies but once : the *brahmachari* dies daily!

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BROTHER BIRD

I :—Bird! Brother Bird! Why so swiftly must you speed on wings of wind?

BIRD :—Some one calls me lovingly,—waits for me yearningly.

I :—Who?

BIRD :—Yon blushing flower.

I :—What is he to you that you speed to him leaving me, brother Bird!

BIRD :—Yon flower is a child of my song.

I :—Why blushes yon flower?

BIRD :—Because his heart has memory of me.

I :—He has no brain for memory.

BIRD :—Your brain forgets; 'tis the heart remembers.

I :—What does your heart remember, brother Bird?

BIRD :—One only wisdom,—Love.

I :—Why do you sing the whole day long?

BIRD :—In remembrance of Love.

I :—Why won't you do some work?

BIRD :—What nobler work than this, to weave Songs of Love?

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LAUGH AND GROW !

Worship of the big is the one big vice of this age.

* * *

The Infinite is not the big. The Infinite is humble. The Infinite is infinitely humble. The Law of the Infinite is, self-expression through self-concealment.

* * *

Conceal thyself, brother! How beautiful is humility ! How vulgar the noise of egoism!

* * *

Behind the "I" shines the Light. This "ego" is a veil. Remove it, and see with eyes unveiled!

* * *

True science has the seeing eye. True science is humble. How modest are the seers of science like Newton and Einstein!

* * *

Through science to religion. Through religion to super-religion! Attaining to that, you embrace all religions, respect all races, revere all prophets, rejoice in all scriptures, and worship the One who is Ever-Full and Ever-Young.

* * *

The One is the Infinite who includes all.

* * *

Behind me and before me, beyond me and within, is the One Glory. It shineth for me in blessed hours of life. And when the Glory shines, I see all things changed into something rich and fair.

Life, then, is seen to be a *leela* of the Lord, a play of the Spirit.

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He, the Eternal Youth, is at play. And the play is not without purpose.

There is a meaning of Infinite mercy in the cosmic process.

Therefore be not sad. Be glad!

Laugh and grow!

They laugh who know.

Sadness is unspiritual.

Laughter is a help to spiritual health. Be bright in the very midst of struggle and pain.

Spread the sunshine of the soul.

Brahman is Brightness.

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DREAM OF THE BEAUTIFUL

THE Beautiful ! A dream of something divine ! A witness of what we have seen somewhere! Not an illusion, but a glimpse of the Great Artist! A glimpse into the Ideal-Real of which Forms and Shapes are passing shadows!

Creeds, customs, states, nations pass away. But still the flowers bloom and still the nightingale sings. Love and Beauty endure.

* * *

How widely spread is Beauty's benediction! Nature's path is strewn with beauty. For Nature comes not out of "nothing," but out of the *Atman*, the Self Who is the Hidden Beauty of the Universe.

* * *

And how oft the Beautiful greets me in the land of the commonplace! Crossing a crowded street, the other day, I saw a form and I said to myself :—"A window into the Infinite!"

* * *

Therefore does Beauty teach me humility. Beauty makes me feel as a child.

* * *

That slender form ! Slender yet strong! Ravana could not conquer Sita. There is a *shakti* in Beauty.

* * *

And Purity,—is it not born of a Vision of the Beautiful?

* * *

Our wonder widens with a Vision of Beauty. Would there be this Wonder if the World were "irrational"? The Beautiful is a testimony to Truth, a Higher Reason in the Universe. There is a sense in which philosophy arises

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out of *bhakti*. A philosophic system is an interpretation of some Cosmic Emotion.

* * *

God the Great Builder is using matter every day. Contempt for matter is a crime against the Creative Artist.

* * *

Matter is not something to be rid of as a hindrance. Matter is a vehicle of the Spirit, an instrument of education and inspiration. The very gods crave to be artists in matter. Forms and shapes in nature, methinks, are passing shadows of the Gods' Desires.

* * *

The Beautiful is a bridge between the senses and thought. The two are brought together through beauty in a synthesis which liberates and heals. In loving the beautiful, you attain to freedom.

* * *

I asked a little bird :—"Why art thou beautiful?" And brother bird answered :—"I live in harmony with myself." Dost thou live in harmony with thyself, brother man? Or, art thou driven hither and thither by an ego of inner contradictions?

* * *

Nothing violent is beautiful.

* * *

The Sufis seek the Beautiful as a method of self-realisation. Dedication to your object of love is a school of service and sacrifice.

* * *

Plato thought of matter as the indeterminate emptiness in which the world was made, Aristotle as the undeveloped power out of which the world was made. May we not regard matter as spirit masked? India has suffered by rejecting matter. Its *truth* we must seek in all humility.

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Space is saturated with beauty : but to see it, our senses must be disciplined, trained, purified. If we had the seeing power, we would greet Beauty everywhere. As discord may be subdued to music, so ugliness to Beauty. In a play by Sir Arthur Pinero, *The Enchanted Cottage*, we read :—"Laura is lovely in Oliver's sight, in spite of deficiencies of outer form. Each loved the other, for each saw the other not as an external form but as a spiritual fact."

Nothing is alien to the Spirit. His laughter travels down to the lovers: and he has breathed the benediction of Beauty even into stocks and stones. There is Beauty everywhere, because the Spirit is immanent.

* * *

Art is not the enemy of purity. Both art and purity are precious to the Logos. The beautiful purifies. Is not aesthetic joy a spiritual experience?

* * *

Sensualism is far removed from love of the beautiful. Education of man through matter asks for *shakti*. This *shakti* is undermined by sensuality. Those who believe in metaphysical bodies,—the *sukshama sarira* and the *karana sarira*,—will understand better the value of purity.

* * *

Wilt thou live and move in a vision of Beauty? Then be prepared for Baptism of Fire. Renaissance and Sacrifice,—both are needed for creating a New India. Vision of Beauty and the strength of sacrifice. The one is connected with the other in individual as in national life. Sacrifice, sacrifice,—if thou wilt see the Blessed Beauty!

* * *

To avoid suffering is to live far from the Beautiful. The supreme Vision of Beauty comes upon the Cross!

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A PILGRIM OF THE LITTLE WAY

In a corner-shop in the bazar, he sits each day. He sells fruits and vegetables. His shop is crowded : men and women come to it from nooks and corners of Nadia,—a centre of Hindu culture and philosophy.

They call him Shridhar. "He is so simple!" they say, "so honest, and in his heart is love of God!" He calls himself a "pilgrim."

Many feel drawn to him. And he loves the little ones : they love him, too. He feeds the birds : he feeds the kine : and how kind he is to the poor! "The poor," he says, "are pictures of the Lord!" He is a devotee of Sri Krishna.

One there is to whom he is specially devoted,—one so young and fair of form and of comely complexion. Nimai is his name. Nimai comes, one day, to Shridhar's shop : that day was a blessed one in the lives of both. Shridhar looks, again and again, into Nimai's eyes : Shridhar feels the magnetism of Nimai's radiant face. And as Nimai prepares to go, Shridhar offers him fruits and vegetables.

"Accept them," says Shridhar; "I offer them to you not because you are a Brahmin, but because I love you. Your looks are so tender : your eyes are so radiant : your face is magnetic as a lotus in the lake. The fruits and vegetables are my love-offerings at your lotus-feet. Accept them!"

Nimai is younger than Shridhar : but Shridhar's devotion to Nimai is boundless.

Nimai is destined to shape the life of Nadia : Nimai becomes a great scholar. His fame travels far beyond Nadia. Nimai becomes a professor of Logic. Nimai is adored by the youths of Nadia : they hang on his lips. But none,—not even Nimai's wife,—is prouder of Nimai

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than Shridhar. "Nimai, the idol of my heart, is now become the leader of the youths of Nadia. Blessed be the Lord!" says Shridhar.

Over his shop lives Shridhar. He lives a simple life : his needs are few. During the day he is in his shop selling fruits and vegetables, selling and blessing : for by this time the people have come to know that Shridhar spends half of his earning in feeding the poor. Crowds of the poor and destitute come to his shop once a week in the evening : and he feeds them, giving every one cooked rice and *dal* and a copper coin. And at night Shridhar spends hours singing the Name of the Lord. In his singing is the joy of a *bhakta*, the ecstasy of a lover, and the melody of a true artist. He sings and sings, and is never tired of singing. He sings, and his song is heard far-off and wakes up hidden memories.

NIMAI HAS now returned from Gaya. There, in the holy Shrine, came to him a vision of the Lord. The vision has transformed him. Nimai is a new man. He returns to Nadia with a new experience and a new outlook upon life. He gives up teaching logic. He goes through the streets of Nadia bearing witness to the Lord of Love. He is Krishna-possessed. For him to live is Krishna! "Krishna! Krishna!" the one mystic word is on his lips. It is a thrill. It is communion with the Eternal King! Nimai is fragrant with ecstasy and illumination.

Nimai is now known as Mahaprabhu Sri Chaitanya. He leads processions through streets and bazars singing the Name of the Lord :—"*Hari bol! Hari bol!*" The singing in the processions,—the *sankirtan*,—captures many hearts : and Mahaprabhu Sri Chaitanya, in the midst of the *sankirtan*, falls into ecstasy, again and again : and crowds

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surround him, wonder-struck at the mystic overcome by spiritual emotions. Nimai is become the inspired prophet of Nadia. He goes, again and again, into *samadhi*, the super-consciousness of the saints.

One day, he is leading a *sankirtan* along the road at one end of which is Shridhar's shop. Sri Chaitanya reaches the shop and there gazes at a picture of Sri Krishna. Gazing at the picture, again and again, Chaitanya goes into ecstasy : Chaitanya falls down "unconscious !" A crowd surrounds him : and in the crowd is Shridhar. He stands by the glorified body of Sri Chaitanya and gently says :— "Nimai! Nimai!" And Nimai wakes up!

To Shridhar the Mahaprabhu, the "Great Master," is still the "Nimai" of the earlier days. And as Sri Chaitanya wakes up, Shridhar falls at the Master's feet, in utmost reverence.

Sri Chaitanya looks up and says :—"Shridhar! my dear Shridhar!" And in the eyes of each are tears of holy love.

"Master!" says Shridhar, "you have blessed me! Your eyes are radiant with a new light! Tell me how came this light into your eyes!"

"Shridhar!" says Chaitanya, "this light cometh to me from the Eyes of Sri Krishna!"

"Where is He?" asks Shridhar.

"He is around me, above me, within me,—the Breath of my breath, the Life of my life, the Light of mine eyes!"

"And how do you name this Light?" asks Shridhar.

"Love!" says Chaitanya; "and now I know what, dear Shridhar, you knew earlier than I."

"I? Knew?" queries Shridhar. "I know nothing, Master! I but aspire to love!"

"And this know I now, dear Shridhar," says Chaitanya, "that love is more than logic, that *bhakti* is more than philosophy, that the Lord of Love is more than all the systems and

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speculations of the Pundit. And you, Shridhar! have chosen the better part from the beginning of your days : you have loved and you have adored the Lord of Love. Blessed are you among mortals!"

"Blessed am I, Master! that you still permit me to touch your feet and speak to me your words sweeter than honey, brighter than gold!"

And at the feet of Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu, Shridhar keeps a bunch of bananas, saying :—"Accept this love-offering of thy servant, Master!"

SWIFTLY SPREADS the news : Shridhar is seriously ill!

Men and women crowd together at the shop to enquire :—"How is Shridhar, the sweet singer of God?"

One says :—"His fever is mounting high!"

Another says :—"Shridhar is in a critical condition!"

Yet a third man says :—"*Vaidyas* and *Kavirajas*, doctors and physicians, have seen him : their prescriptions avail not!"

A fourth man says :—"Shridhar was unconscious last night."

Another asks :—"Who is attending on Shridhar?"

A man answers :—"Noren, Mahaprabhu's disciple : some other disciples, too."

A woman says :—"In Thy Hands, O Lord, is the life of man. Thou art the Breath of our breath. Save him,—Thy singer and Thy servant!"

A blind man says :—"*Hari, Hari, Hari bol!* O Lord! save this man, Thy *bhakta*, who feeds us and clothes us!"

A girl stands shyly in a corner and prays :—"O Krishna! Thou hast declared in the Gita :—'My *bhakta* never perisheth!' Bless this *bhakta* and heal him!"

A lame man lifts up his voice and says :—"O Lord of

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Mercy! Thy chosen servant is he! Cure him : for in him is our refuge and strength!"

Suddenly a voice is heard saying :—"Mahaprabhu is coming!"

A new hope swells the multitude : a new joy fills many hearts. Many are saying :—"Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu is coming to see his own : the Master will heal him!"

Sri Chaitanya arrives : his mystic eyes seem to rest on a vision!

The Master mounts up the narrow stairs leading into the little room where Shridhar is lying ill. Noren is by Shridhar's bedside. Noren falls at the Master's feet. Shridhar is lying unconscious on the bed.

The Master looks at Shridhar in silence : the Master weeps! The tears of saints have a healing virtue. The Master lifts up his hand in prayer to Sri Krishna :—"O Healer Thou of cowherds and milkmaids! here is Thy *gopa* : heal him with Thy healing breath!"

And the Master lays his hands on Shridhar's head : and the Master breathes his breath upon Shridhar's body. And the Master stands gazing at the beauty of Shridhar's face. God's *bhaktas* are beautiful in life and in death!

A gentle, little stir,—and Shridhar opens his eyes. In front of him still stands the Master. Is Chaitanya in communion with Krishna?

Are not the saints healers and joy-bringers? Out of their eyes and their hands issue healing emanations, vibrations which renovate and re-vitalise.

Shridhar wakes up! His fever is gone!

"What do I see? Nimai! Mahaprabhu!"

"Thy dear one, Shridhar!"

"My Master! thou hast healed me! Thou comest after so many months! The longing for thee made me ill. Physicians could not cure me : thou hast done the healing.

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New life now pours into me. I was dead : thou hast called me back to life. Let me live now alone for thee, Master! Blessed be thy name!"

"Shridhar!" says Mahaprabhu, "thou dost live already for me : for thou art dear to Him, thy Lord and my Lord, Sri Krishna. Blessed be His Name!"

And as Chaitanya departs, the crowds bow to him in lowly reverence, and the whisper moves from mouth to mouth :—"The Healer!"

The Master comes the next day to see Shridhar. He is being served by Noren and Sudhir,—two of the Master's disciples. The Master blesses Shridhar again with his healing touch.

Shridhar now looks better and is stronger : the radiance of his eyes has returned.

"Shridhar!" the Master says, "why do you live in this dilapidated hut?"

"Master!" says Shridhar, "I feel happier in this little hut than does the King in his palace!"

"How?" asks Chaitanya. "Look at your shirt. It has so many holes!"

"Blessed is this shirt : it reminds me of the flute! Through these holes the Lord looks at me, and the shirt, flute-like, sings to me!" says Shridhar.

"What do you see? And what do you hear?" asks Mahaprabhu.

And Shridhar says :—"Master! through every one of these holes I see Krishna looking at me playing, as He did in Brindaban, with the *gopas* and the *gopis*. And I hear the Lord sing to me a Song of Light!"

"Sing it to me as thou dost hear it," says the Master. Shridhar sings in utter self-forgetfulness :—

The waters of the Jamuna flow,

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The birds are filled with joy and song :
How long can I wait, Lord! how long?
The waves rise high : the peacocks go!

O Krishna! Thou the only King
Of all the worlds, of every star!
Thy Song doth call : and who can mar
The joy of gopis who still sing

Of Thee and Thy Eternal Love?
They broke all ties to come to Thee
I, too, shall break. Thy Flute calls me!
I see Thy Face, around, above!

Sri Chaitanya drinks in every word of the song which comes out of Shridhar's love-filled heart and says :—"Now I know why kings in silken robes are poor compared to Shridhar in his shirt shot with many holes! Now I know that Shridhar has a treasure in Krishna the King!"

SHRIDHAR is in Nadia, but the Master is moving on from place to place. Visiting many places in Bengal, he moves on to Orissa. And in every place they behold the wonder and the vision of this God-intoxicated man. And many men and women lift up their hearts to glorify God. It was a period of darkness and despair. Kings were cruel, officials were tyrants, and the country looked God-forsaken. At such a time appeared the Master, re-awakening hope, re-infusing strength, re-arousing in many hearts the feeling that "Narayana is nigh," that God's Light shineth in the dark.

The Master moves on, until he reaches Puri. There he offers worship, every day, to Sri Krishna and gives food,

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every day, to hundreds of the poor people. There, too, he has his *sankirtan* and he fills multitudes with joy : for, to the poor and broken ones, Sri Chaitanya's love is the light and strength of life.

The Car Festival Day is come : it is the greatest day in the year. On this day we have the last glimpse of Shridhar. Thousands of pilgrims are come to Puri. Shridhar, too, is come with a band of pilgrims from Nadia. Sri Chaitanya is with his *sankirtan* band singing the Name of the Lord, as the Jaggannath Car is moving with thousands of pilgrims behind the Car. Sri Chaitanya is singing :—"*Hari bol! Hari bol! Hari Hari Hari bol!*" The words fall on the attentive ears of Shridhar. He draws nigh. He gazes at the Master's radiant face : the Master looks into the *bhakta's* illumined eyes. Between the two is the big crowd. The Master looks and blesses the *bhakta* : the *bhakta* gazes and offers his overflowing love to the Master. Shridhar continues to gaze at the Glory which fills Sri Chaitanya's body : Shridhar gazes and gazes until he can gaze no more : his breath now mingles with the Glory!

Shridhar! thou hast passed into the Eternal. "Out of darkness into Light! Out of death into Immortality." Blessed be the Name of Shridhar!

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GOD IS SILENT !

WHY is Infinite Love silent when we seek It the most? We pray; no answering voice comes! We cry, but the cry is as a wandering wail which comes back to us in vacant darkness! We weep, but our tears seem to be idle : they seem to suffer lack of benediction from the Beloved. God is silent!

As an infant crying in the night, the *bhakta* cries for the Light, and with no language but a cry. The *bhakta* cries aloud for God. God is silent!

The enigma of evil grows upon the mind. The burden of the world sits heavy on the heart. Again and again, the cry goes forth. No answer comes! God is silent!

Deeper than the enigma of physical evil is the tragedy of sin. Why do we prefer paltry things to Infinite Good, and clever tricks to Infinite Truth, and finite forms to the First and only Fair! Why do we reject invitations of Reality and seek repose in shadow-shapes,—children of awful nullity? Why is the heart fixed on *maya* rather than on the Man within man—the supreme *Purusha* seated in the cavity of the Heart? God is silent!

The vision of God is a glorious privilege. But there is, also, a sense of the want of God. When the heart is stung with a sense of God's retreat, there is a lyric cry for God's return. God is silent!

The good suffer, the wicked flourish as the bay-tree. One nation sits heavy on another. Patriotism is punished. Unrighteousness prevails. History, as we see it, shows at several points loss rather than increase of values. At such points, too, God is silent!

Periods of *pralaya* for nations or the world are periods of God's silence. Agony of subject nations! Tragedy of

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"prosperous" peoples! God is silent!

Has not silence, too, a purpose? He is silent that we may test ourselves,—knowing in moments of loneliness our real strength and weakness.

He is silent that our faith may soar on stronger wings fighting against appearances. He is silent that our love may deepen. He is silent that we may build up our being and know our destiny as co-workers with the Eternal. He is silent that we may wrestle with darkness and develop moral muscles. He is silent that man may achieve victory on the Cross. He is silent that we may practise silence and in silence receive the messages of the Spirit.

* * *

Sounds of Silence! Do you hear them?

The wireless! You do not see it : you do not touch it : but it works,—silently! The grace of God has come to sinners silently!

* * *

The modern age is noisy. A motor-cyclist is reported to have said to a magistrate :—"I should not have bought my motor-cycle if it had not been noisy." Yes,—the modern man rejoices in noise. He fears silence! His pleasure is in combat, not communion.

Love of silent work! When this virtue is developed in us, we shall truly serve India. Away with ambitions of leadership! Be a silent *sadhak*, a silent servant of the nation!

* * *

Lovers of silence were the Rishis. They communed with the World-wonder, the Mystery of Ages,—in silence. And Buddha! How silent when many, in a light mood, put him profound questions of life! Buddha's answer to many a controversy was,—silence! And Jesus! When his accusers challenged him, he spoke not! Silence was his answer to calumny and persecution.

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LET BUT THE HEART AWAKE!

THE seat of the Lord is in the Heart. There is the Light of Love. Worship That and be blessed.

* * *

Not without reason was the Heart regarded as the seat of the Soul. Out of the Heart flows the energy of Love.

* * *

Not obedience merely but love is what is asked of us. There is no true obedience but is born of love.

* * *

Aristotle in his *Metaphysics* speaks of God as a Prime Mover, an Unmoved Mover who produces "the motion of the stars round the earth." Such a God is Energy,—and more. Such a God thinks. He knows Himself. But Aristotle does not rise beyond God the Knower to God the Spirit of Love. The Hindu Rishi had a higher vision when he sang of "The Golden *Purusha* in the Heart."

* * *

Wisdom comes of vision: and is not vision denied to those whose hearts deny the divinity of Love?

* * *

In the medieval story, Surdas the Mystic gives his heart to Krishna. Then comes to him the new life and with it a new vision of the Lord and a new Song.

* * *

Is not the story of Tulsi, also, suggestive? Tulsi loves his wife,—too much. One day she goes to her father's house. Tulsi is unable to bear separation at night. He goes out in the dark of the night to meet her in her father's house. He crosses the Yamuna over a dead body! He climbs up the wall of the room where his wife is sleeping.

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On the wall is a serpent, but Tulsi minds it not. He mistakes it for a rope! He enters his wife's room at midnight. He wakes her up! She is surprised to see him. "How on earth," she asks, "did you manage to cross the river and scale up the wall?" Then she adds :—"If you but loved the Lord Sri Rama as you love me, how the world would rejoice!" Tulsi is transformed! He gives his heart to Sri Rama. "When shall I see Rama?" he cries. Tulsi becomes a seer, a singer, a saint of God.

* * *

Brother! place thy heart at His Feet and thou shalt know. Keep thy heart pure. For Love is a *brahmachari*!

* * *

When you wake into Wisdom of the Heart, you see in creation the *leela* of the Lord. Then in the winds you hear voices of longing, and in the market-place you see the Face Divine.

* * *

Why does the heart seek Him? What is the *reason* of the Love for the Lord? Is it not He Himself? Is He not immanent in the very quest after Him?

* * *

Fetters of caste and creeds fall when there comes a vision of the Presence Universal. "Who is my father? And who my mother?" asked Jesus. And he went on to observe that they were his brothers who did the will of God. Nanak and the other Gurus repudiated all caste as inconsistent with Wisdom. Chaitanya mingled with the "outcastes" in the *sankirtan* of *Harinam*. The Hindu *sanyasin* is enjoined to rise above caste, and in the initiation ceremony of *sanyasa*, the sacred thread is burnt! A significant ceremony!

* * *

Krishna's Flute! Whence its fascination? It was a call of the Heart!

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Dr. Benjamin Kidd tells of a cuckoo he had trained and kept with him in his study. But a strange change came over the bird when the time of migration came. The cuckoo flapped its wings ceaselessly, "flying," says Dr. Kidd, "by a kind of inherited imagination.....flying thus through the night.....over lands and oceans that it had never seen." The cuckoo was obedient to its inherited vision. Blessed they who are obedient to their visions of the Heart. They pass into a trance!

* * *

Does it not look as though we had had glimpses of the Eternal? We find not its likeness in any mortal form. Therefore are we restless. The Eternal knocks, again and again, but, alas! finds us asleep! Let but the Heart awake!

* * *

Don't be oppressed by memory of sin. In a deep mystical sense sin, too, is not without its meaning in the moulding of your life to the pattern of Beauty. St. Augustine, who knew the very depths of sin, beautifully observes :—"As the beauty of a picture is enhanced by well-managed shades, so to the eye that has skill to discern it, the universe is beautified even by sinners, though considered by themselves their deformity is a sad blemish."

* * *

Trust thy Heart. Don't bury it beneath the burden of money, honour, ease. Keep the heart unencumbered. And sing of the Love Divine and the Eternal Lover. It is the song of Nature and Super-nature. The nightingale's song to the Rose! The soul's lyric cry to the Over-soul! Is it not, also, the song of the Flute which He Himself has set in each Radha-heart? Listen, brother, listen to the Gita of thine own Heart! Listen! And rise in ecstasy, and forget these shadow-shapes of "I" and "mine!"

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THE KINGDOM OF HAPPINESS

BRAHMA *Rajya*! The Kingdom of the Spirit! The Kingdom of Happiness! Where is it?

One sees poverty, strife, disease, death. Where is the Kingdom?

A suggestive little story in our scriptures tells how a student of *Brahma Vidya* asks his teacher whence came the world. The teacher tells the student to go and meditate! He meditates, then thinks the source of all is matter! He meditates again, and thinks it is sensation; and yet again that it is reason. He comes to the teacher with these several answers arrived at in successive stages of meditation. The teacher tells the student that his answers are unsatisfactory. The student meditates once again, till at last it dawns upon him that the secret of the world-process is *Ananda*, Happiness.

And over and over again is the truth sung in our scriptures that the Parent-Spirit is Joy. *Brahman* is Bliss! The Christian books set forth the same truth in the words :— "God is Love." It is the Joy of Love which is expressed in beauteous forms of Nature and the highest life of Man. The impulse and origin of all that is, is the self-giving of God's Love: and this self-giving of the Spirit has no pain-element, because it is spontaneous. The Greeks thought there was a God above the Gods, and they named that, Necessity. I think the highest human name of the Highest is Love-Joy. The universe is rooted in the Mother-heart of Eternal Love.

But is there not, apparently, a conflict between the *in-look* of the soul and the *out-look* of experience? The soul has an intuition of the Kingdom of Happiness. But

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ordinary experience is perplexed at the riddle of this painful earth. And the more we survey the situations of life, the more we feel that the Kingdom of Happiness doth not yet appear in the categories of time and space! Sin and suffering seem to mar Heaven's economy in the world.

Think of the industrial movements of today. How often we read of conflicts between labour and capital, between classes and masses! There is unrest in East and West.

The world seems so full of pain and sorrow and confusion,—a welter of "evil." Communities, nations, races, religions contend one against the other, as if the world were a battle-ground! One is apt sometimes to be sceptical and ask if we have made progress at all. It is true our age has witnessed many technical inventions, and we know more of the external world and its resources than did our ancestors. But think of the economical problems which face us today, the cry of the poor against the rich, the demand for the fixing of wages and prices, the conflict between labour and capital! One feels tempted to exclaim in the pregnant words of the late Prof. Eucken :—"Such a state of chaos! Chaotic confusion!"

In one of his beautiful poems, Browning puts in the mouth of the innocent girl "Pippa" the words:—"God's in His Heaven : all's right with the world." But all does *not seem* to be right with the world as it is! The empirical order falls short of the Ideal. Think of the degradation of the drunkards, the lusts of men, the anguish of disease, the shame of sin, the cut-throat competitions of daily life: and you are perplexed at the riddle of this painful earth.

"My Kingdom is not of this world," said Jesus, the Yogi. Yet must the Kingdom be established on earth. Such has been the faith of some of the world's greatest sages and social prophets.

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Plato dreamt of a "Republic" under a philosopher king. The Jewish prophet, Isaiah, visioned a Perfect State. John wrote of "New Jerusalem." More gave his socialistic picture of "Utopia," and Morris of "Nowhere."

All these were but glimpses of the Beauty of the Kingdom.

We look for it in vain in corrput cities, the pleasure-cities, the dirt-cities of these days.

"The Kingdom of God is not eating and drinking but Righteousness and Peace and Joy in the Holy Spirit."

This world,—a plane of friction and resistance,—does not seem to be a realm of pure reason. There appears to be an element of "unreason," in this world, or there would be no shadowed Cross. This "unreason" must be transmuted. Spirituality is not passivity. Spirituality is a conquest.

The Logos of our solar system wishes man to be a co-worker,—a co-creator,—with Him. We belong to the Kingdom of *Ananda* in the order of Eternity. But in the order of time we live in a realm where the angels of Light wrestle with the powers of Darkness. The world is a battle-ground of Values : and the Kingdom of God cannot be "concreted" in time till, stage by stage, man has trodden the path of Higher Life.

* * *

Modern India, alas! has gone outside for the solution of her problem. It is *inner forces* we must collect. It is *inwardness* we need at this hour.

We have not known ourselves. We have been strangers to our real selves. We have wandered hither and thither,—wandered like the hero in Ibsen's story. When after many years of wandering, he returned to his native place, he asked himself the question:—"Where have I,—my real self,—been all these years?" It was a little girl who answered the question :—"Where would you look for your

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real self if not in the heart of one who loves you?"

And where would you look for your real selves if not in the Heart of God?

Look for yourselves in the Heart of God and see how strong you are, how potent, how great to aspire, how mighty to achieve. You are of the Eternal.

* * *

The Books speak of "Three Paths" to the Perfect Life. The three Paths are really three steps or stages in the One Path. At every step the seeker must obey one supreme Law : he must be true to the God Within. True against all appearances. True against the world's opinion or applause! So may he help the Plan of Evolution and be a Creator,—a co-creator,—with the Ancient One who is the Ever-Young in the Building of the Kingdom of Free Spirits,—the Kingdom of Happiness!

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THE RISE AND FALL OF NATIONS

A BIG city! The centre of a little kingdom! But the king is tyrannical, passionate, a pleasure-seeker. And he has built a "Temple" near the sea-shore. The priest is in his pay. The priest's men go to the sea-shore every time a vessel lands to tempt pretty girls to the "Temple." And here comes the king to do dark deeds under cover of the night. Woe to the land where the king is an adulterer and the priest a gatherer of gold!

It is evening. A vessel brings a maiden as pure as she is fair. She is enticed by the priest who sends a word to the king. He comes at night. He tempts, he threatens, he smites the girl. Blow after blow falls upon her. She weeps. she prays to God. In the tears and prayers of the innocent is a power the tyrant must fear.

"Save thy child, O Lord!" is the constant cry of the maiden to God. Suddenly, the wind moans and howls. Suddenly, the "Temple" trembles. Suddenly, the rains fall. Suddenly, a storm beats against and breaks the walls and doors. The king, the priest, and their men run about here and there, seeking in vain some safe corner. The sea has arisen: the wave overtakes the wicked: the innocent girl and a few others sail over the sea to another land: but the city is submerged. It was a city of sin.

* * *

You have heard of Brahmanabad. An ancient city! A prosperous city! You may still see its ruins. Why did it meet this fate? Ask the peasant. He may tell you several stories. The substance of them all is,—the city sank under the burden of its sins. Is it a superstition to believe thus?

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Did you hear of Atlantis? An island-continent. Its people were proficient in science and art. They knew things we have not yet learnt. They could produce wheat from the seeds of grasses and potatoes and banana! But they misused their knowledge, making it a servant of selfish power and passion. They quarrelled: they carried on wars: they grew more and more in iniquity. And there came a catastrophe : Atlantis and its civilization sank.

* * *

Elements of nature! Use them in the service of science and spiritual life, and you will build up a strong, refined civilization! Misuse them in the madness of passion, pride and power, and your "greatness" will crumble to its fall.

* * *

There are *moral* causes of the rise and fall of nations and races and religions. India and Hinduism are no exception. They fell, for they sinned in their pride against the great mass. They will not rise again until they learn to worship the poor and the outcaste. The Hindu church must take back into her fold the millions whom she has discarded as "untouchables." India's young men must be filled with a desire to have fellowship with the outcastes.

* * *

There is a spirit that moves in the life of a nation. Don't antagonise it! There is a spirit of India. Don't insult it! By your insolence to the poor and outcaste, you offend the Spirit of India. Renounce pride and hate! For pride weakens, as hate poisons, a People's life.

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THE MESSAGE OF THE FUTURE

I BELIEVE we stand on the threshold of a New Age,—an Age destined to witness important reconstructions in world-relations. In these reconstructions East and West should make their presence and power felt. The East should turn to the West to learn arts and sciences, to study the spirit of her culture, to assimilate the message of her poets and prophets of Freedom. The West should turn to the hoary-headed East to learn her Ancient Wisdom, to develop the mystic sense, to recognise nature not alone as the laboratory of the scientist but as a sanctuary of the Spirit, to receive training in the school of meditation, to grow in the spirit of idealism, to practise the presence of God in practical life.

The message of the Future! It must reconcile the world of empiric reality, the world of thought and the world of ideal values. It must unify experience.

It must satisfy the *mystical* need, calling man to direct communion with the *Atman*.

It must satisfy the *rational* need, recognising the claims of culture, accepting the scientific method and the deliverances of reflective consciousness.

It must satisfy the *moral* need, vindicating the veracity of moral consciousness and the moral obligatoriness of *dharma*, the Law of Right Living.

It must satisfy the *social* need, recognising the vital value of the great secular movements of the age aiming at social and political progress.

It must satisfy the deep *spiritual* need, giving a new synthesis of nature, man and God.

It must satisfy the *aesthetic* sense of harmony, reconciling

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science and faith, work and worship, communion and action, the spiritual and the secular and all religions and all races and all scriptures and all prophets in the One whose Vision is Beauty, Truth, and Love.

* * *

The Message of the Future must plead trumpet-tongued for unity, peace, brotherhood, love,—those deeper values of life which selfish, commercial, aggressive civilizations have trampled upon.

* * *

It has been said we live in an age of expectation. Maeterlinck wrote :—"We are in the magnificent state in which Michael Angelo painted the prophets and the just men of the Old Testament in the prodigious ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. We are living in expectation and, perhaps, in the last moments of expectation." The world, I believe, is in expectation of a New Synthesis and more,—a New Word of spiritual power, a New Gospel of Life, a New *Yuga-dharma* !

* * *

Can the new *Yugadharma* be conventional ecclesiasticism? Or benevolent secularism? Or a creed of Culture? Or Comte's positivism? Or Haeckel's naturalism miscalled monism? Or Clifford's "creed of negation" hinted at in those touching words heavy-laden with the heart's unspoken grief :—"We have seen the spring sun shine out of an empty heaven upon a soul-less earth, and we have felt with loneliness that the Great Companion was dead!" Or the cold deism of which Renan spoke in such confident terms :—"Deism is the final term in the evolution of humanity?"

* * *

Will the new word of spiritual power,—the new *Yuga Dharma*,—come again from India, the world's ancestral

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home of religious consciousness? Will India,—the Mother of Religion,—send to the world today the message of a Faith which is at once the Mystical religion of Communion and the Practical religion of Character? One thing I know: on the soil of India have been brought together the lines of religious thought and culture drawn from the prophets of the world. World-religions and world-ideals have been brought in contact one with the other in India today as, perhaps, nowhere else. India is a living Congress of Religions. And if India has survived the many storms of time, and if the history of man be not an aimless pursuit of shadow-shapes which come and go, but the very Bible of Humanity whereby God interprets His Will to man then, it seems to me, it is not a national prejudice to hold that Providence summons India out of her seclusion in order that she may stand before the world as the standard-bearer of a *Yuga Dharma* which may reconcile and develop the destinies of religions and nations.

* * *

The world, hardened by commercialism, enfeebled by externalism, indifferent to the Unseen, does not yet see the deeper truths and values of India's life. But I feel the world stands in need of them. Urgent and piteous, more than my words may tell, is the need. And I dream of a day when nations of East and West may be ready to accept this message,—the Message of the one Religion in all religions, the one Logos in all prophets, the one Word in all churches, the one Soul in all scriptures, the one *Atman* in all Nations. In that day a new creative epoch may be opened in the history of the world, and the Orient and the Occident may work together as comrades in the service of a new, brotherly civilization.

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FRAGMENTS

A College of Mystics is needed, a School of Prophets, an *Ashrama* in which students may sit, as in a Laboratory, to search the Truth. Such a College should be situated in a beautiful spot of nature. Soul-contacts and nature-contacts should meet in such an *Ashrama*. Out of it may come a Great Creative Power, a *Shakti*. Without it, it may be difficult to arrest decadence in the religious world.

* * *

Often theology is the very denial of religion. Religion, to be real, should be new every day,—full of new experiences. Religion should be like the Sun,—renewed every morn.

* * *

Religions have their periods of decline but the Spirit of Regeneration is always there,—though dormant,—to arrest decline.

* * *

Religions of "works" and Religions of "mind" are incomplete, narrow, without the Religions of Intuition and Love.

* * *

In the darkness which overtook India, many began to worship a God of "Power." India's tragedy has continued. She must turn to the God of Love.

* * *

Organisation, in many cases, means the death of inspiration. Be not the "centre" of any Association. Be thou a servant.

* * *

Except on very rare occasions, the Greatest Ones do not appear on the world's stage. They stand behind it and

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send their Messengers. The Makers of History are not its Heroes. The Messengers are not merely Teachers or Message-bearers but Life-givers. They give a fragment of themselves.

* * *

I look for a New Renaissance. Where will it be born? In some wayside place untainted by the "modern"? In some desert amid a simple folk?

* * *

Sudden they come! In many coloured Pictures they come! I bow to them. They kindle the Lamp Invisible. They vanish. And I am left in the strength of silence.

It is the strength of Meditation.

Come together for meditation, O ye that seek and fain would tread the Path!

Form *dhyana*-groups, silence-circles.

In the circle will be evolved a higher Group-Self which will gradually create an atmosphere helpful to your spiritual growth.

Meditate every day. And you will pass gradually into a new consciousness of at-one-ment with all.

For in all is the One Life. There is nothing dead. Pure matter is pure abstraction. There are *jivas* in every thing.

Here is the philosophic basis of the doctrine of *ahimsa*. Be one with all! Respect the One Life that meets you in many garbs.

* * *

Not a day has passed but I have done some *himsa*. When I breathe, when I talk, when I do the day's work, I do some *himsa* to some *jivas*. Therefore must I repent and pray every day.

Repentance arises out of sin-consciousness, prayer out of God-consciousness. To repentance and prayer, add *karma* (action), which is a call to us to let the *Atman* transform sin

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itself into spiritual strength.

* * *

If the *Atman*,—the Centre of illumination and inspiration,—is one, are not all religions brothers?

Alas! they have quarrelled long! O reconcile them! Bring together the parted brothers!

Co-operation in agriculture and industry! Why not, also, in religion?

In India have been brought together the various religions of the world. May it be the privilege of India to initiate a co-operative movement in religions! May India build Temples with diverse wings for diverse Religions! It will be a blessed day when they all co-operate at once in the worship of God and the service of Man!

* * *

It is said when a star is big and red, it is young: when red and small, the star is old! The young are big,—with hope and promise. The young are their nation's destiny. Only let them not lose the rich red colour of idealism.

They must be educated in a new School of self-knowledge and self-discipline. The current system is a slow-killing machine. It separates the nation and youth from the Great Traditions and Teachers of their race.

How many of the young men who quote from Shakespeare and Shelley, Milton and Marlowe, Bacon and Bunyan read the ancient Hindu classics, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata?* And how many of the youths who read these classics study them carefully and strive to understand their meaning and message? How many enter into the spirit of Hindu culture?

* * *

The modern man is a worshipper of the "actual." Cash is his God. The ancient Hindu was a lover of Symbols. He was an Ideal-worshipper. He built thought-systems

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higher than the sky-scrapers! Numbers 3 and 7 and their multiples and combinations were his favourite symbols. Some of the sacred days, e. g., *Janmashtami* and the *Ramanaumi* were fixed in the Calendar, I believe, not merely according to nature-seasons but to number-symbolism. Was the "Circle" a symbol to his rich, imaginative mind of the doctrine of re-birth? Many of the Puranic stories about Sri Krishna,—about Brahmā, Vishnu, Siva and the Gods,—which are unacceptable to the modern mind may reveal their mystic beauty and inner truth if read in the light of a "symbolic" philosophy. Thus the *vastra-haran* story is a beautiful symbol of the spiritual truth that we must be stripped of our sense-clothes, *manas*-clothes, desire-clothes, must be self-emptied before we may meet the Lord.

* * *

The *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, while opening important chapters in civilization and history, also enrich us, I believe, with a cosmic philosophy symbolically set forth. Perhaps, there was in the ancient world a well-developed Symbolical Language which the modern mind, with its mechanical way of thinking, has forgotten and so lost, may be, a key to the unlocking of many mysteries and secret Traditions hinted at in the scriptures of world-religions.

* * *

To commune with the Earth-Spirit is to have a new feeling for the "animal" world.

The "lower" animals are then seen to be children of Mother-Earth. To treat them harshly is wrong. To take them to the slaughter-house is a sin.

An esteemed friend,—a French thinker,—regretting a poet's meat-eating habit said to me :—"But he must at least spare the pigeon! The pigeon is so poetic!"

If we could but appreciate a little of the poetry of animal

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life! Some of the birds are a miracle of beauty in nature's wonder-land. And I have wondered how man can have the heart to catch and kill them! Larks and nightingales,—sweet singing birds,—are killed and eaten!

Saints have loved birds and beasts. Are they not our "brothers" ? With what tender love did Buddha and Mahavira treat them? And did not St. Francis preach to the swallows and fondly ask them not to chatter so much when he preached?

Man was meant to be the "Dadabhai," the elder brother, of these beautiful creatures in whom, also, flows the One Life of the Spirit. Man has forgotten his original faith. Man has set up murder-machines for them!

* * *

Seek the One: you will find the All.

No difficulties will daunt you. For, attuned to the One, you will know you are not left alone : the Universe is eager to serve you.

Difficulties, oppositions, persecutions, rather do you good. Your life, like a flower that is crushed, becomes all the more fragrant.

No man knows himself until he is opposed, obstructed, abused, reviled. You know yourself, your immanent divinity, the *Atman* that you are, only when you strive to do your duty, your *dharma,* in the teeth of all opposition,calumny, and persecution.

Know thyself,—said Socrates. Yes,—therefore, do thy *dharma!*

* * *

Some live for their family, some for their nation. There is a Kingdom higher than *swarajya.* To belong to that Kingdom is the highest privilege life can hold.

Thou *art* of that Kingdom.

Thou must, also, belong to it by an energetic act of the

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will.

He hath chosen the Kingdom for thee: thou, too, must choose it.

It is the Kingdom of the Twice-born.

* * *

It is a wise saying of St. Augustine :—"Many there are who will die for Christ, but few there are who will live for Him."

To *live* for the Lord is more difficult, for it is to die daily. Without this death, thou canst not belong to the Kingdom.

* * *

"Through death lead us into Immortality," sang the ancient Rishi. And rightly. *Through* death, not *from* death. To run away from death is to escape the Kingdom.

* * *

Thou must pass *through* the gates of Death before thou canst enter into the Life Immortal.

Die daily to be re-born in the Spirit!

For the Kingdom is of the Spirit. The Kingdom is Within.

Wilt thou know the *Within?*

Then resist the lower influences around thee.

Resist the tyranny of the popular.

Resist the invasion of "public opinion."

Resist the pressure of "what others say."

Be not afraid to be lonely. How lonely was Jesus! And how lonely Krishna before he passed away!

If thou wilt serve the Kingdom of the Spirit, thou must not think of being "great."

In loneliness is strength. Freed from the tyranny of the "outer," freed from pride and self, and growing in meditation and prayer, thou wilt unfold thine inner powers in silence and sacrifice.

And thou wilt be taken up as an instrument.

Thou wilt become a channel for the outpouring of His

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Spirit upon thy People.

* * *

As a pilgrim I move on with wonder in my eyes and with song in my heart. For the Earth is wonderful; and every day He passeth by, to bless my pilgrimage.

* * *

Take no luggage with thee, O traveller to the temple of the Beloved! Tread thou the path, empty-handed! And when thou wilt reach the temple, thou wilt know that the empty alone are filled.

* * *

Life, in all its varied experience, is so wonderfully beautiful. Every shadow is the background of His Blessed Beauty. Unto Him be glory for ever and evermore!

* * *

O pilgrim! come out of your seclusion and meet the Master in the market-place. He is not on the mountain-top. Behold Him sitting amid multitudes, and speaking of the New Arithmetic of Loss and Love.

* * *

The message of my Master and Lord! For it alone I live. In silent aspiration I look up to friends to bless me in fulfilling my mission before the Call comes to me to go into silence.

* * *

Awake, my soul, awake! And gently tread the Path which leadeth to the Temple of Silence.

* * *

So bless me, Lord! that when there dawns on me the day of death, I may make to this beautiful world a friendly gesture of farewell and feel that to die is to go upon a great pilgrimage. So bless me in Thy mercy that I may die in the beautiful pilgrim-spirit!

* * *

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